MIKE BARON • STEVEN BUTLER • RANDY CLARK
BADGER
TM
DEC 66 1990
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STEVEN '90
IAN X

BADGER™

CREATED BY MIKE BARON

BADGER, a self-styled crime fighter, metes out bloody justice to jaywalkers, ticket scalpers, indifferent teenaged fast-food clerks — in fact, anydamn-body he feels like, because he's CRAZY!

Badger is just one side of **Norbert Sykes**, a Vietnam veteran with a personality problem: it's split seven ways. Nevertheless, Norbert almost always finds himself in a Badger state of mind, which suits his wife, **Mavis Davis Sykes, M.D.**, just fine.

Badger is a master of Shorin-ryu and dozens of other obscure, esoteric, arcane, not to mention abstruse martial arts. He can also talk to the animals — just like Dr. Doolittle. Only with better results.

Badger and Mavis live with **Ham the Weather Wizard** in a castle south of Barneveld, Wisconsin. Ham and Badger met while both were inmates at a state mental hospital. Through cunning and chicanery, Ham has amassed a considerable fortune.

Badger calls everyone Larry.

Last Issue: Badger awoke to find that **Lanier Lutefisk** had stolen his costume, his corvette, and the entire story. Ah well, on to a real Badger adventure...

COVER ART: **Steven Butler**.

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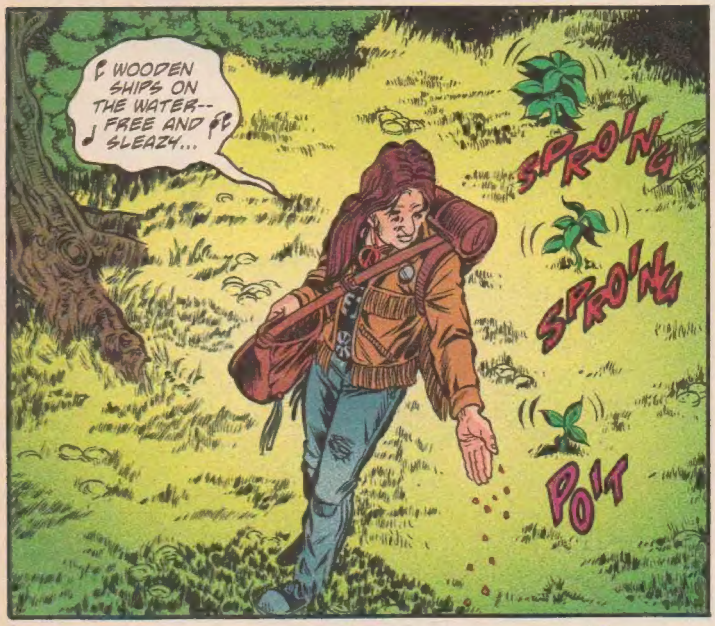
THE WOTAN SEED

OH THE WHITE RAT-- ATE THE RED GRAPES--IN THE WHITE ROOM-- DA-DA-DADEDA-DA--DE DA DADEDA-DA--



mike **BARON** WRITER

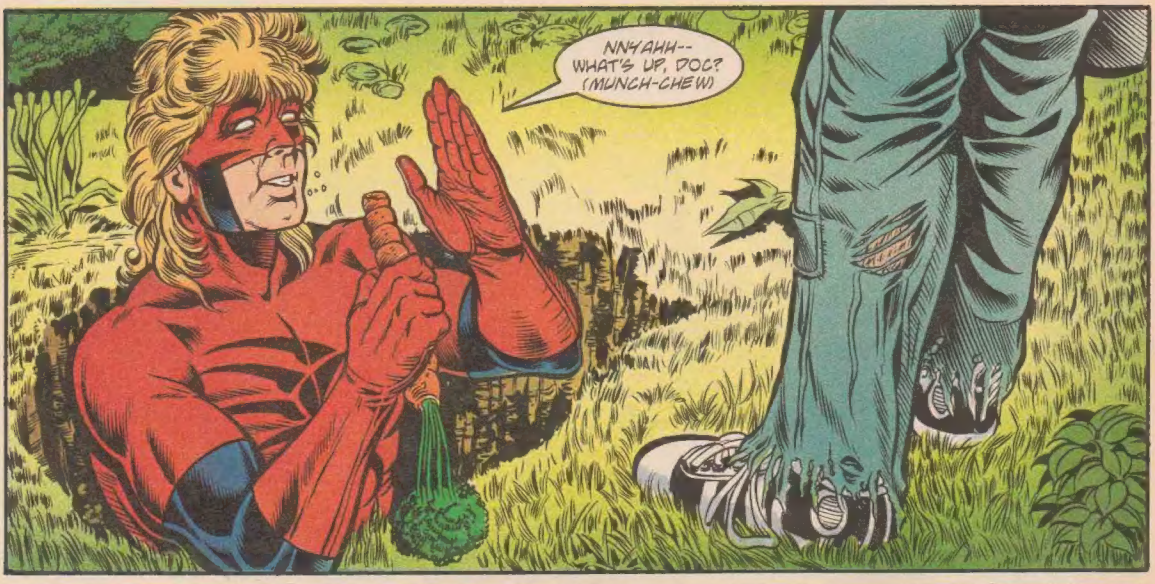
steven **BUTLER** PENCILLER

randy **CLARK** INKER

willie **SCHUBERT** LETTERER

ian **TETRAULT** COLORIST

bob **GARCIA** EDITOR

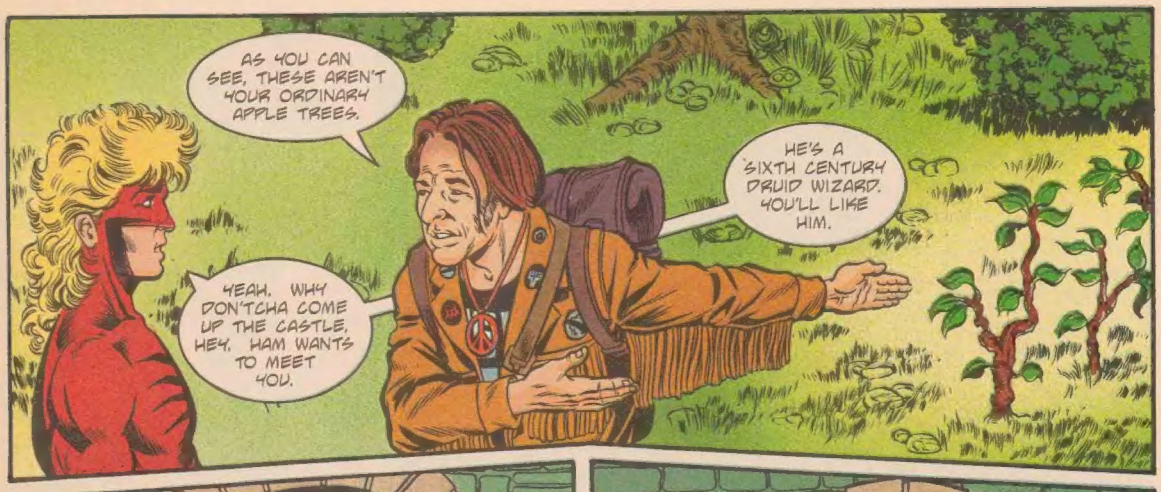

NNYAHH-- WHAT'S UP, DOC? (MUNCH-CHEW)

SHH! BE VEWY, VEWY QUIET... I'M HUNTING WABBITS!

NO RABBITS AROUND HERE, DOC. JUST US BADGERS.
MM-HM. SO, BADGER, DO YOU LIVE IN THAT HOLE?
NOT THIS HOLE...
BONK

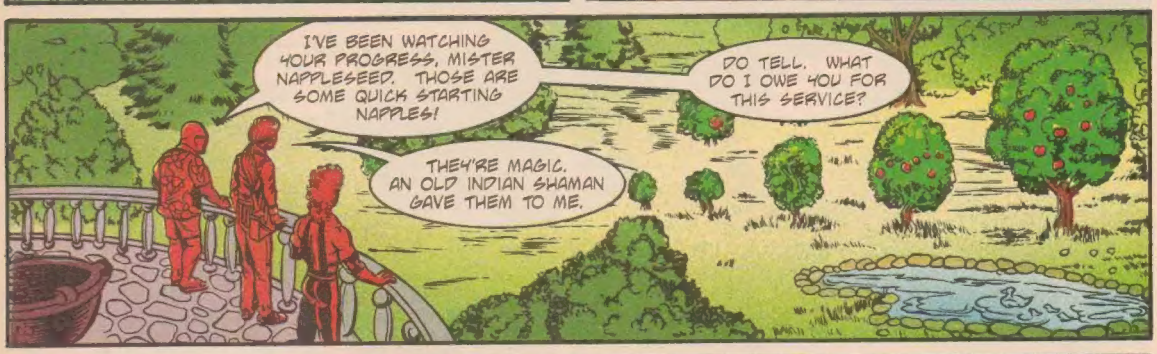
THAT HOLE.
MM-HM. SOME HOLE. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT I'M DOING IN YOUR FIELD...
I SUPPOSE I AM. AND SO'S MY BOSS HAM.

I'M JOE NAPPLESEED.
YOU LOOK KIND OF YOUNG TO BE JOHNNY APPLESEED.
I'M 46. AND IT'S JOE, NOT JOHNNY, NAPPLESEED WITH AN 'N.'


AS YOU CAN SEE, THESE AREN'T YOUR ORDINARY APPLE TREES.
HE'S A SIXTH CENTURY DRUID WIZARD. YOU'LL LIKE HIM.
YEAH. WHY DON'TCHA COME UP THE CASTLE, HEY. HAM WANTS TO MEET YOU.

HAM! COME ON OUT AND MEET THE APPLE MAN!
NAPPLE MAN, MAN.

WELCOME, SIR. PLEASE JOIN ME ON THE VERANDA.

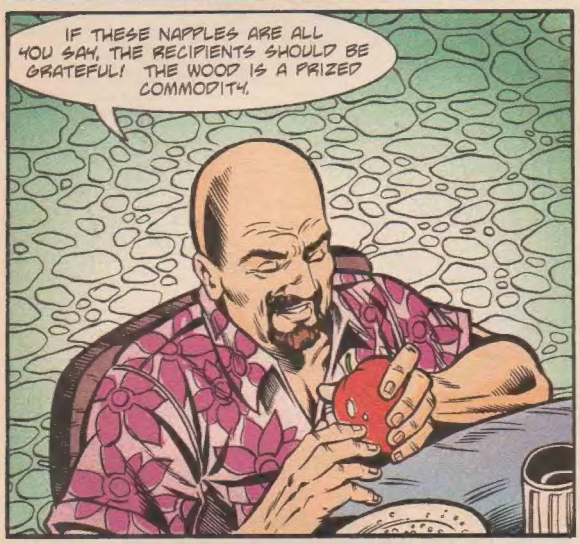

I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOUR PROGRESS, MISTER NAPPLESEED. THOSE ARE SOME QUICK STARTING NAPPLES!
DO TELL. WHAT DO I OWE YOU FOR THIS SERVICE?
THEY'RE MAGIC. AN OLD INDIAN SHAMAN GAVE THEM TO ME.

NOTHING.
NOTHING?
NADA. ZIP. VOIVOD. IF I SELL THE FRUITS OF MY LABOR, I LOSE THE MAGIC.
MARVELOUS, SIR! YOU MUST AT LEAST BE OUR GUEST FOR THE NIGHT. I'M SURE YOU AND I HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS.

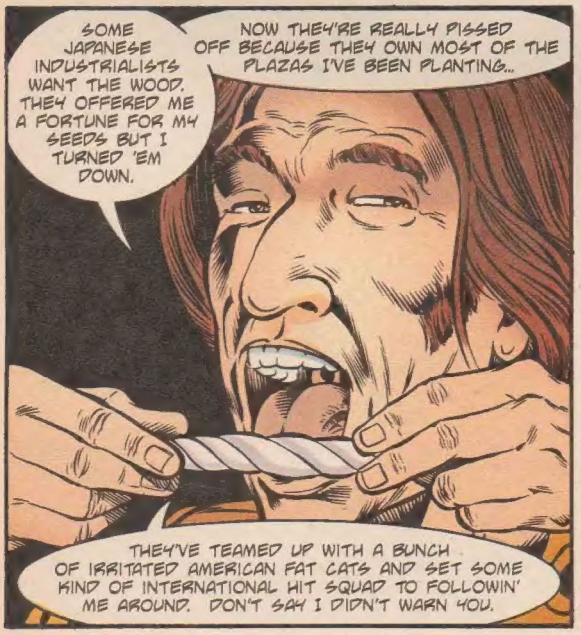
YOU DIDN'T COOK VEGETARIAN JUST FOR ME?
NOOO...THE LITTLE LADY ONLY COOKS VEGETARIAN LATELY, I'M AFRAID.
IF YOU WANT MEAT, SIR, YOU MUST JOIN US ON A BOYS' NIGHT OUT. A DEMMED NUISANCE...
I'M USED TO *MEAT*, NAPPLESEED. GREAT STEAMING GOBS OF BLOOD RED BEEF, PORK SAUSAGE, VEINS AND ARTERIES SNAPPING TWIXT TEETH AND FORK!
AH, WELL... NO USE MOANING O'ER SPILT BLOOD.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, NAPPLESEED? WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH?
DIG IT, MAN. I'M CREATING A TREE BELT ACROSS AMERICA, FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA. THE THING ABOUT MY NAPPLES, THEY'LL GROW ANYWHERE. THERE ARE NOW NAPPLE TREES IN TIMES SQUARE...
ONNA OTHER HAND, EVERYBODY AIN'T AS SANGUINE AS YOUR GOOD SELVES OVER MY GIFTS. I'VE GOT SOME FUNKY COLD MEDINAS ON MY TAIL.
YOU JEST, SIR.
I AIN'T LYIN'. Y'SEE, IN TRYING TO RECLAIM THIS GREAT LAND OF OURS FROM THE SCUM-SUCKING PARASITES--EXCUSE ME, I MEAN THE REAL ESTATE DEVELOPERS--I'VE PLANTED TREES DOWN THE CENTERS OF CLEVELAND AND DETROIT...
I'VE PLANTED TREES IN THE LOBBY OF TRUMP PLAZA AND IN THE MIDDLE OF TRAILER COURTS.
HO HO! JOLLY GOOD, SIR!
MY TREES AIN'T LIKE OTHER TREES.
CUTTIN' ONE DOWN'S 'BOUT AS EASY AS REMOVING A STATUE OF LENIN. THEY'RE STRONGER THAN ANY BUZZSAW... AND THE FRUIT, AH...THE NAPPLE ITSELF...

MAY HUMBLE WIFE EXAMINE FRUIT?
I DUNNO... YO'D BETTER ASK YOUR HUSBAND-- JUST JOSHIN', MAVIS! HERE YOU GO.

(CRUNCH) MMM...A DELICATE FLAVOR...I DETECT MANY HEALING QUALITIES...
THIS IS HOW ALL THE TROUBLE STARTED.
ARE YOU A SNAKE, JOE?


IF THESE NAPPLES ARE ALL YOU SAY, THE RECIPIENTS SHOULD BE GRATEFUL! THE WOOD IS A PRIZED COMMODITY.

YOU'D THINK SO. I GUESS WHAT PISSES 'EM OFF IS WHEN I PLANT THE TREES IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR NICE CONCRETE PARKING LOTS AND PLAZAS...AND LOBBIES AND OFFICES...


SOME JAPANESE INDUSTRIALISTS WANT THE WOOD. THEY OFFERED ME A FORTUNE FOR MY SEEDS BUT I TURNED 'EM DOWN.
NOW THEY'RE REALLY PISSED OFF BECAUSE THEY OWN MOST OF THE PLAZAS I'VE BEEN PLANTING...
THEY'VE TEAMED UP WITH A BUNCH OF IRRITATED AMERICAN FAT CATS AND SET SOME KIND OF INTERNATIONAL HIT SQUAD TO FOLLOWIN' ME AROUND. DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU.

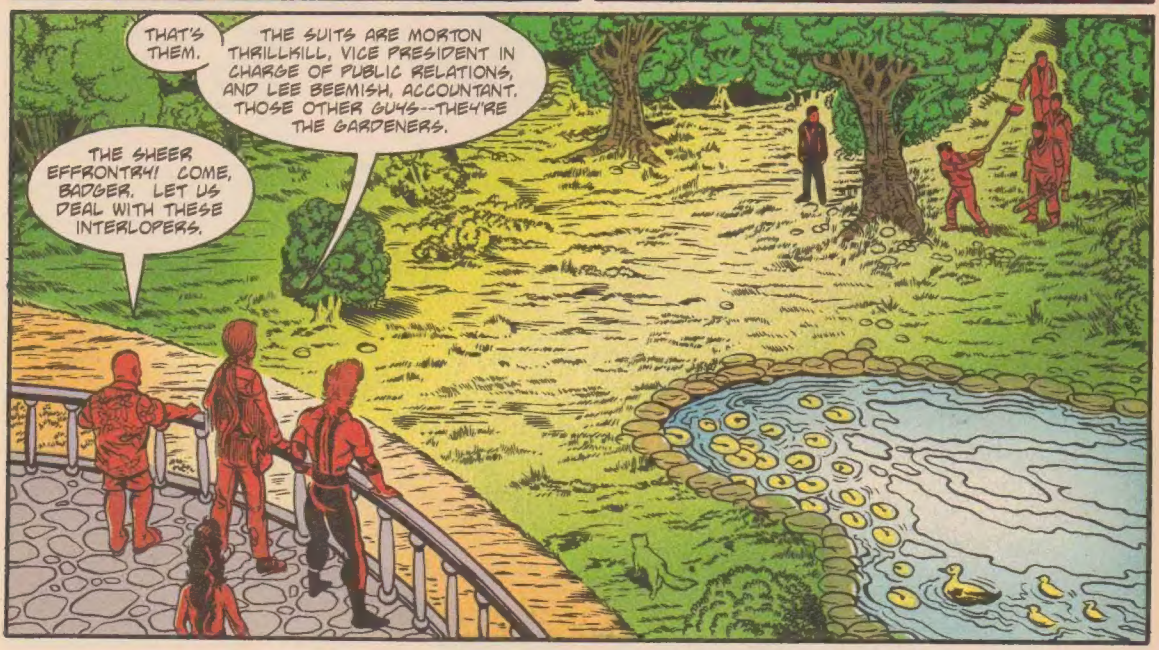
IN FACT, I OUGHTA GET OUT OF HERE--
--BEFORE I BRING THE WRATH OF CORPORATE AMERICA DOWN ON YOU ALL.
SIT DOWN, SIR! WE'RE USED TO CORPORATE AMERICA'S WRATH.

JUST SO THERE AREN'T ANY GODDAMNED NINJA! THE PUBLIC'S SICK TO DEATH OF 'EM AND SO AM I!

NO, MAN--IT'S THREE JAPANESE GARDENERS. BUT IF THEY'RE JUST GARDENERS, I'M THE WHITE HOUSE CHIEF OF STAFF.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR?
TOKE?
NO THANK YOU.

I MEAN... (SUCK!) I KNOW A MUSCLEBOY WHEN I SEE ONE. THOSE GARDENERS ARE ON LOAN FROM THE YAKUZA.

BUZZZZZZZZZ
EGAD!
BUMMER, MAN.


THE SHEER EFFRONTRY! COME, BADGER. LET US DEAL WITH THESE INTERLOPERS.
THAT'S THEM.
THE SUITS ARE MORTON THRILLKILL, VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF PUBLIC RELATIONS, AND LEE BEEMISH, ACCOUNTANT. THOSE OTHER GUYS--THEY'RE THE GARDENERS.

THAT'S IT, SATO! MARK THAT TRUNK-- KEEP MOVING.
AT THIS RATE, WE'LL HAVE THIS LOT DOWN IN 2 HOURS, 45 MINUTES.
GOD, I LOVE THE SOUND OF CHAINSAWS, DON'T YOU, LEE?
GENTLEMEN, EXCUSE ME...(AHEM!)

MISTER THORNDYKE! I'M MORTON THRILLKILL OF MATSUMOTO AMERICA. IS OUR OFFER ACCEPTABLE?
WHAT OFFER IS THAT, SIR?
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS PER TREE. WE APOLOGIZE FOR THE INTRUSION, BUT WE'RE TRYING TO GET THESE TREES OUT OF YOUR YARD AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT ACCEPTABLE. WE WANT TO KEEP THE TREES.
ARE YOU CERTAIN? ARE YOU AWARE THAT THE SEEDS WERE STOLEN FROM THE MATSUMOTO CORPORATION BY AN EMPLOYEE?
WE COULD GET A COURT ORDER FORCING YOU TO TURN THE TREES OVER. TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS PER TREE.

NO SIR. THE TREES ARE NOT FOR SALE. THEY GREW ON MY PROPERTY--
--I DOUBT YOUR LAWYERS ARE A MATCH FOR MINE, BUT I'M WILLING TO FIND OUT.

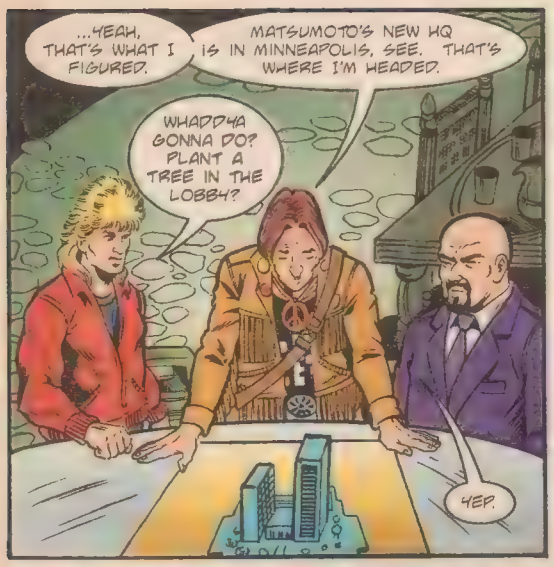
MISTER THORNDYKE, PERHAPS YOU'RE NOT AWARE OF YOUR GUEST'S TRUE NATURE...

HIS REAL NAME ISN'T NAPPLESEED-- IT'S JOHN CHAPMAN, LEE?
MISTER CHAPMAN HAS A LENGTHY CRIMINAL RECORD DATING BACK TO 1969 WHEN HE WAS ARRESTED FOR DESTROYING A SELECTIVE SERVICE OFFICE...NUMEROUS ARRESTS FOR MARIJUANA POSSESSION...
A DRUG ADDICT, MISTER THORNDYKE...

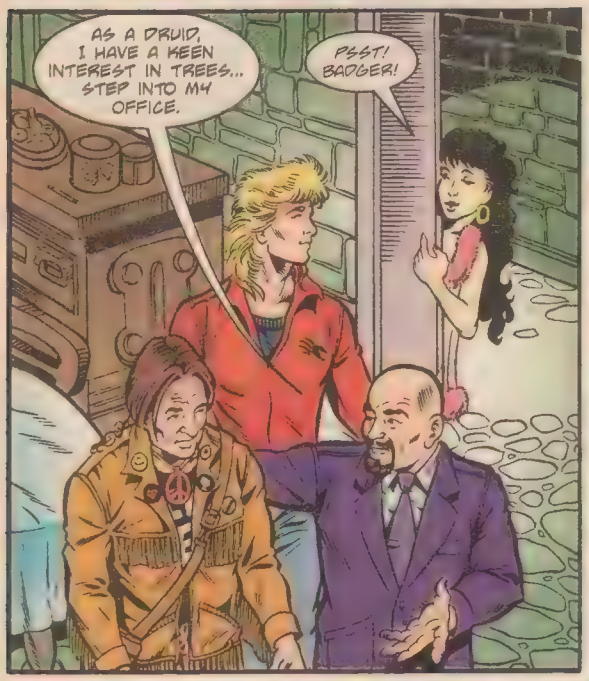
...IN 1976, TRIED TO BREAK INTO A MISSLE SILO WITH A SLEDGEHAMMER... HE'S A DANGEROUS FELON, MISTER THORNDYKE.
DO YOU REALLY WISH TO AID AND ABET SUCH AN INDIVIDUAL?
BUZZ
BUZZZZ

KONNICHI-WA, HOMBRES. I SEE YOU'VE ADAPTED ANCIENT OKINAWAN TECHNIQUES TO MODERN GARDENING TOOLS.
KONNICHI-WA, BADGER. WE ARE HUMBLE GARDENERS, NOTHING MORE.

IF THOSE GUYS ARE HUMBLE GARDENERS, JOE'S THE WHITE HOUSE CHIEF OF STAFF.
COME, BADGER. THERE'S MORE HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE.

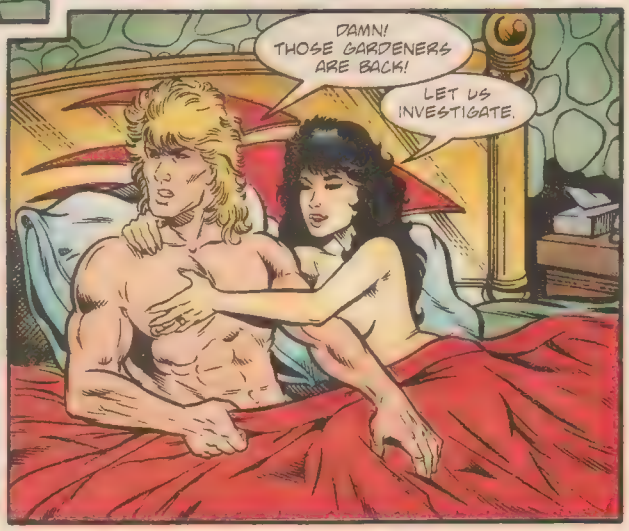

...YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED.
MATSUMOTO'S NEW HQ IS IN MINNEAPOLIS, SEE. THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADED.
WHADD'YA GONNA DO? PLANT A TREE IN THE LOBBY?
YEP.

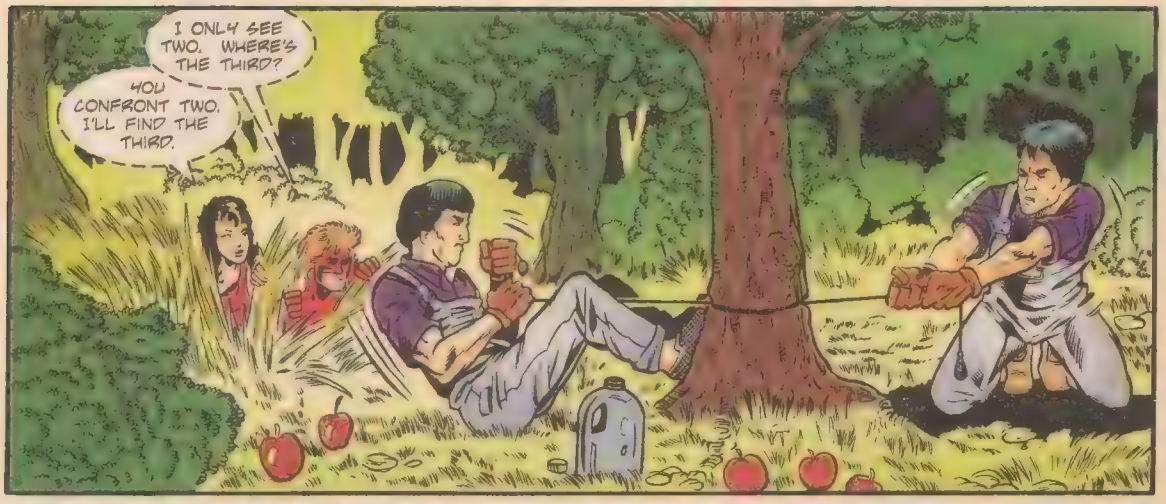
I ALWAYS LIKED THE WAYNE FOUNDATION BUILDING.
HO HO HO! A PUISSANT PLAN, S.R! IN THE MEANTIME, YOU MUST BE OUR GUEST, AND TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR MISSION...


AS A DRUID, I HAVE A KEEN INTEREST IN TREES... STEP INTO MY OFFICE.
PSST! BADGER!

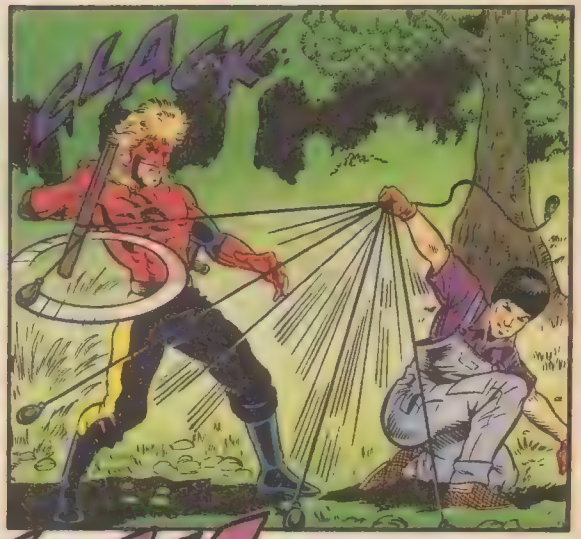
TAKE A BITE OF THIS APPLE.
IF YOU INSIST.

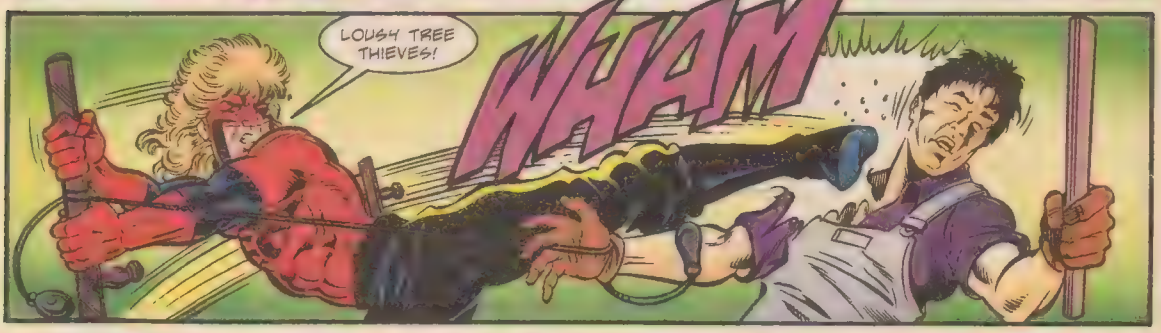
I KNEW THAT APPLE WAS TROUBLE!
BELOVED BADGER MUST AVOID PROSTATE CANCER.
HONEYBUNCH... SHH!


DAMN! THOSE GARDENERS ARE BACK!
LET US INVESTIGATE.

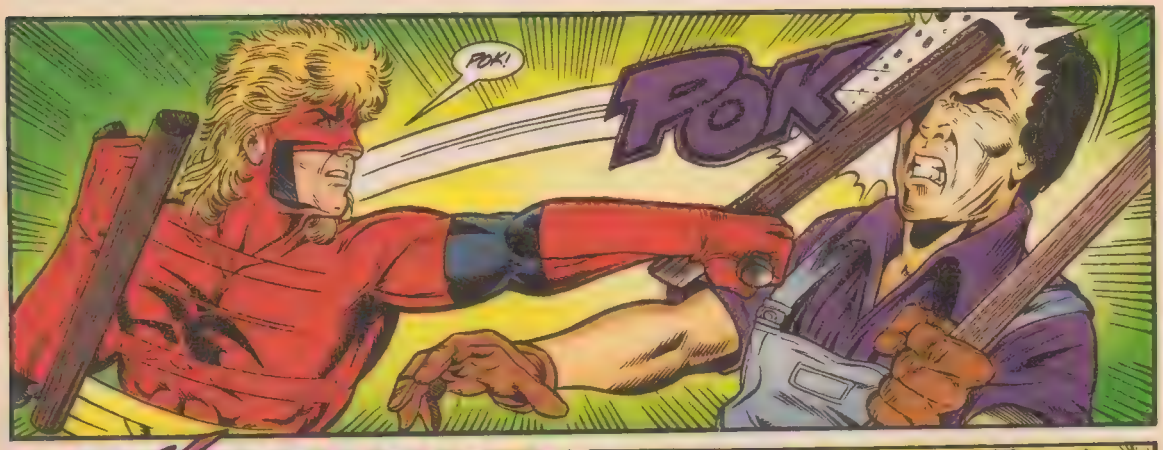

I ONLY SEE TWO. WHERE'S THE THIRD?
YOU CONFRONT TWO. I'LL FIND THE THIRD.

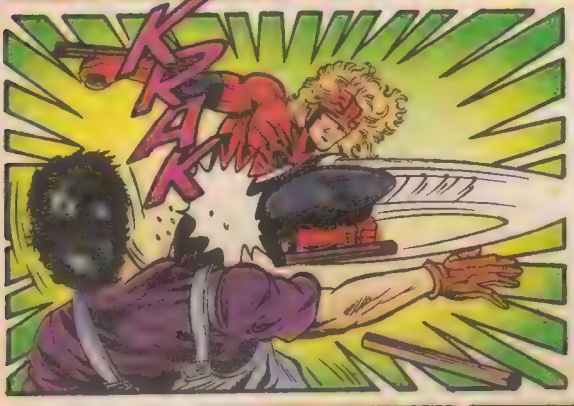
NYAHH-- WHAT'S UP, DOC?

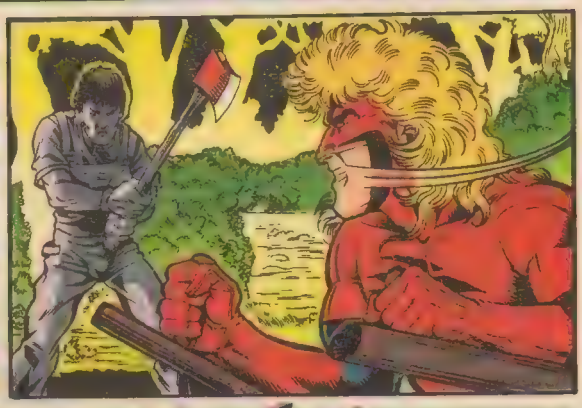

FLAK

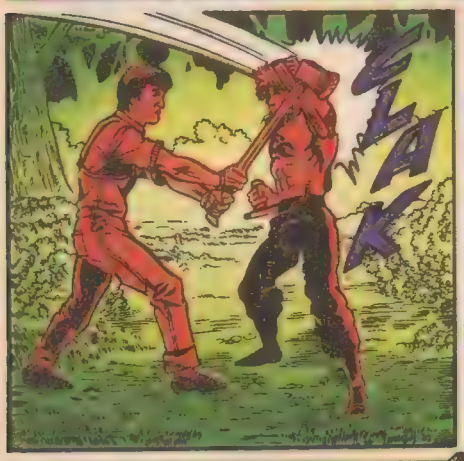

LOUSY TREE THIEVES!
WHAM

JAPANESE BEETLES IN OUR GARDEN!
TEEN-AGE MUTANT JAPANESE BEETLES!
CHOK


POK!
POK


KRAK

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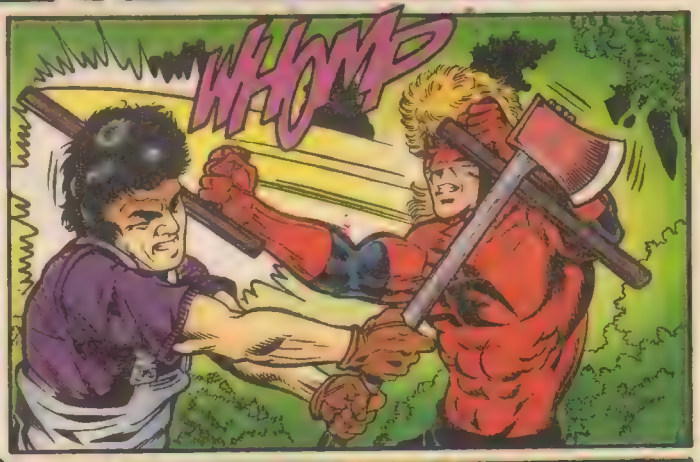
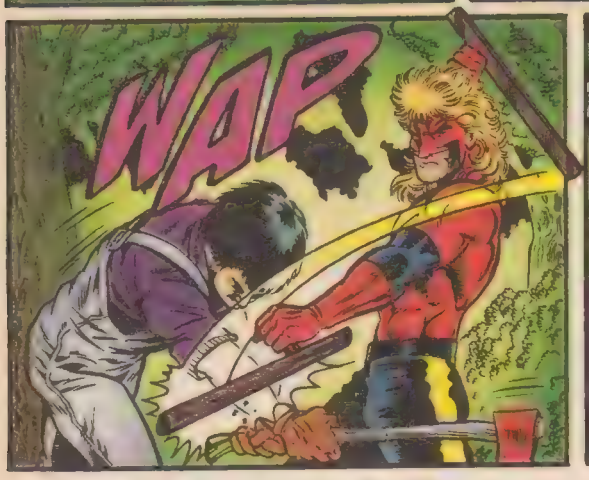

WHOMP


WAP

HONK

First PERSON SINGULAR

N.E.A .— FIRST AMENDMENT, LAST RIGHTS?

Last year, we were in the midst of a furor over censorship in comics. Anyone who was anybody was shouting "censorship" and "artistic integrity" at one another. We filled the pages of *Comics Buyer's Guide, Comics Journal,* and other publications. This year, we need to fill the mailboxes of Congressional representatives across America.

Right about when the shouting died down in the comics industry, we saw the opening salvo in the national battle for the arts. The late Robert Mapplethorpe received monies from the National Endowment for the Arts. An exhibit of his work, including some homoerotic art, garnered such criticism in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., that it resulted in the resignation of the museum director. The same exhibit caused the curator of Cincinnati's museum to be brought up on misdemeanor obscenity charges. He will be facing a jury trial.

These and other events endanger the National Endowment for the Arts' five-year budgetary reauthorization because the agency gave financial aid to Mapplethorpe and other "controversial" artists.

Twenty-five years ago, when the NEA was signed into existence, President Lyndon Johnson stated that no government "should seek to restrict the freedom of the artist to pursue his calling his own way." With that, the NEA started work. Its first check went to bail out the beleaguered American Ballet Theater. This new funding not only saved the ABT, but allowed it to create the first national dance touring program.

The NEA also supported the design competition that resulted in Maya Ying Lan's Vietnam War memorial. An NEA grant allowed the University of Louisiana to publish John Kennedy Toole's *Confederacy of Dunces,* which went on to win the Pulitzer Prize. The NEA also has had a hand in supporting the theaters where *Children of a Lesser God, M. Butterfly, Driving Miss Daisy,* and *The Great White Hope* were developed before their appearance on Broadway.

Since the NEA's inception, the number of non-profit professional theaters in the U.S. has increased from 56 to 420, the number of professional opera companies from 27 to 120, and the number of dance troupes from 37 to 250. This is the direct result of the agency's patronage.

The NEA has made 85,000 grants, of which only a few have sparked controversy — but then, ours being a "free" society, some things *should* be controversial. Educated, informed dissent and debate make for a well-balanced society and culture.

The N.E.A'.s first check went to bail out the beleaguered American Ballet Theater.

Rev. Don Wildmon, head of the American Family Association, saw Robert Mapplethorpe's photos and discovered they were partially funded by the NEA. Being an American with an extensive knowledge of just how our government works, he sent a mailing describing *his* moral outrage to the AFA's thousands of members. He included in that mailing the names, addresses, and phone numbers of all our states' representatives. The association's members, also outraged by this news, protested to Congress.

Congress responded.

Rep. Dana Rohrbacher (R-Cal.) and Rep. Phillip Crane (R-Ill.) proposed legislation that would effectively abolish the NEA.

Now, it is our turn to be outraged.

The National Endowment for the Arts has done too much good in the last twenty-five years for us to allow it to be abolished for expediency's sake. We have to try and stop this action, by immediately writing to our representatives in support of the NEA. Your voice will be heard. Just as Congress listened to the AFA, they'll listen to you. They have to, it's the law.

— Bob Garcia

FIRST IN AUGUST

Nexus #75: Horatio's back, and he's not going to allow a false conscience of humanity to operate in *his* galaxy any longer. Horatio and Stan battle to the death in a 26-page spectacular by **Mike Baron**, **Hugh Haynes**, and **Arne Starr**. Cover painting by **Steve Rude**.

Zero Tolerance #3: Turk has to rescue Molly from the President's assassins, and then get off Spies Island alive. By **Tim Vigil**, **Dave Barbour**, **Gary Amaro**, and **Tim Tyler**. Part 3 of 4.

Grimjack #77: Grimjack settles the tab with Skuzzy. Need we say more? By **John Ostrander** and **Flint Henry**. Plus, part 8 of *Youngblood,* by **Ostrander**, **Kim Yale**, and **Steve Pugh**.

Badger #66: Badger fights evil foreign nationals, to save an eco-mystic-terrorist. By **Mike Baron**, **Steven Butler**, and **Randy Clark**.

Dreadstar #61: The Lord High Papal's brought back to life, and he's fighting mad in this prelude to a new galaxy-spanning story. By **Peter David**, **Angel Medina**, and **Tim Tyler**.

Classics Illustrated #13: **Wuthering Heights**, Emily Brontë's timeless romance, adapted by **Rick Geary**.

Lone Wolf and Cub #37: By **Koike** and **Kojima**. Cover painting by **Mike Ploog**.

Mike Grell's Sable #10: By **Mike Grell**. New cover by **Tony Akins**.

Nexus Legends #20: Nexus goes after space pirates orbiting Ylum. By **Mike Baron** and **Steve Rude**. New cover painting by **David DeVries**.

Grimjack Casefiles #2: Reprinting the conclusion of "Buried Past" by **John Ostrander** and **Timothy Truman**. New cover by **Steve Pugh**.

First Publishing, Inc.
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Rick Obadiah, Publisher
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The Dawn of a New Age...

...Beginning in October!

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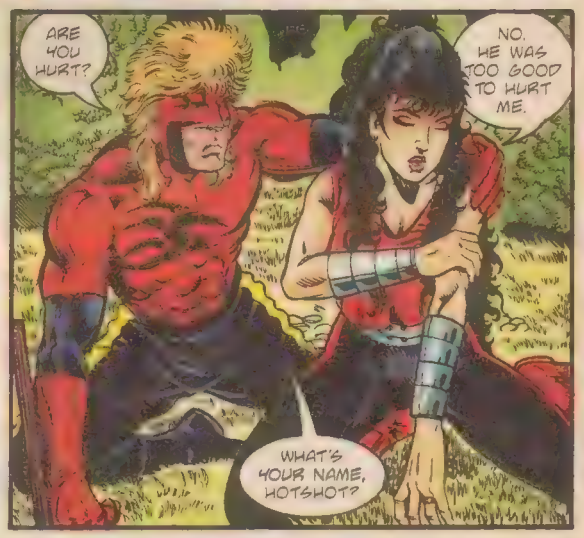
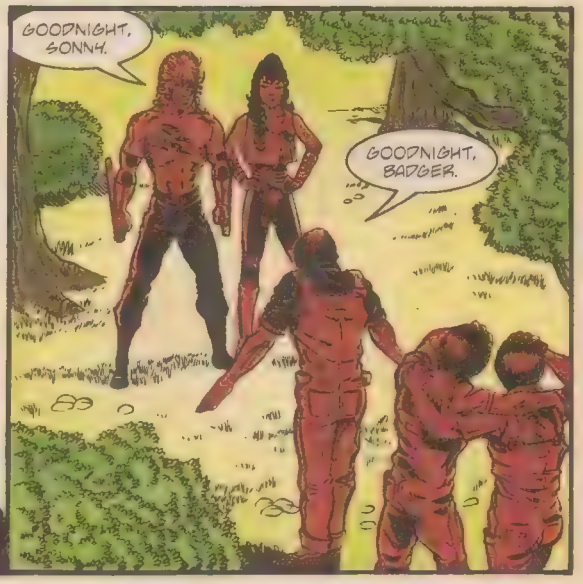
VERY GOOD, BADGER. YOU ARE EVERYTHING THEY SAID YOU WERE.
WHO SAID?

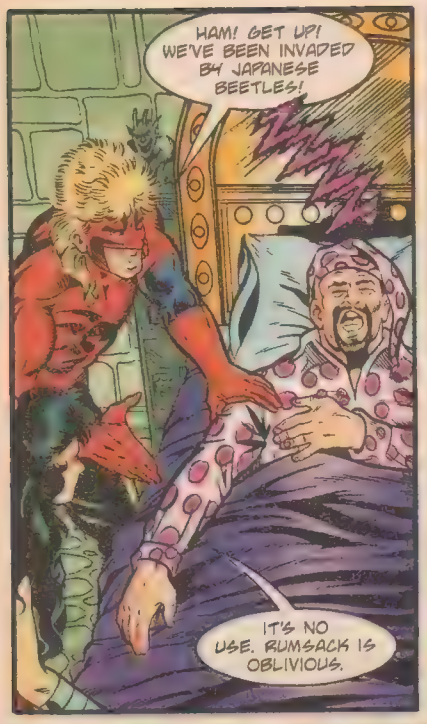
THE TRILATERAL COMMISSION...THE GNOMES OF ZURICH...EVERY LITTLE BREEZE SEEMS TO WHISPER LOUISE...

YOU'RE HURTING MY WIFE.
I AM NOT HURTING HER. SEE? I WILL LET HER UP.

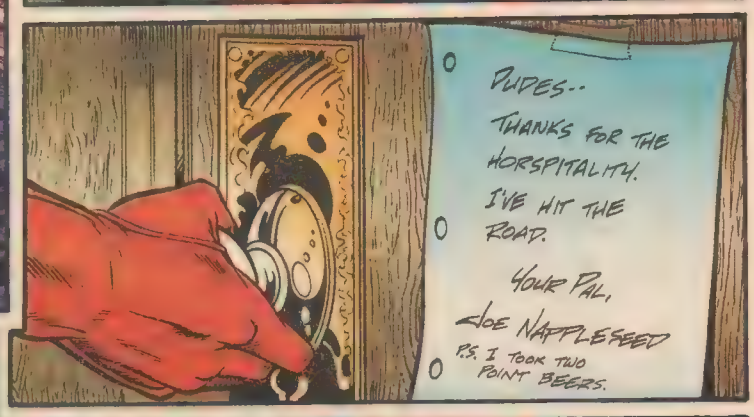

ARE YOU HURT?
NO. HE WAS TOO GOOD TO HURT ME.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, HOTSHOT?

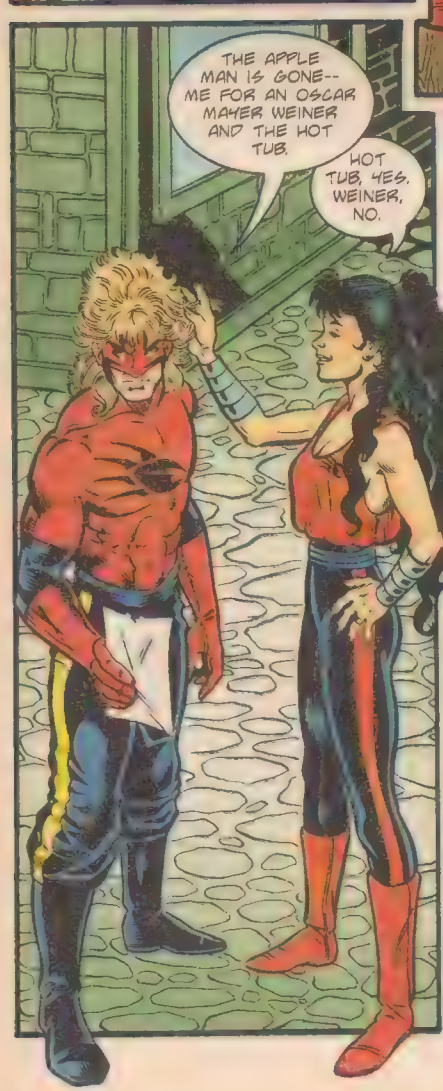
SONNY.

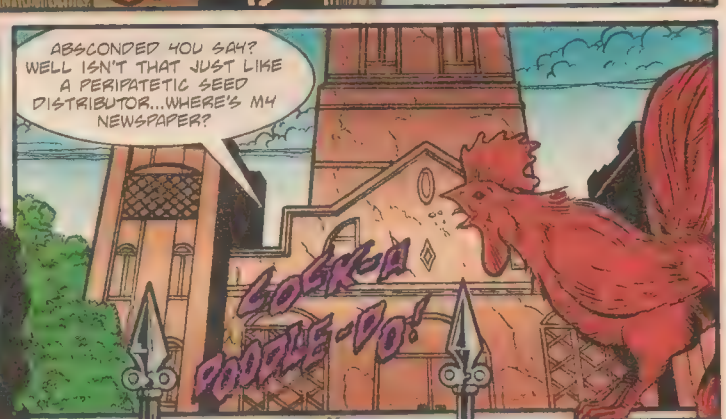

GOODNIGHT, SONNY.
GOODNIGHT, BADGER.


HAM! GET UP! WE'VE BEEN INVADED BY JAPANESE BEETLES!
IT'S NO USE. RUMSACK IS OBLIVIOUS.

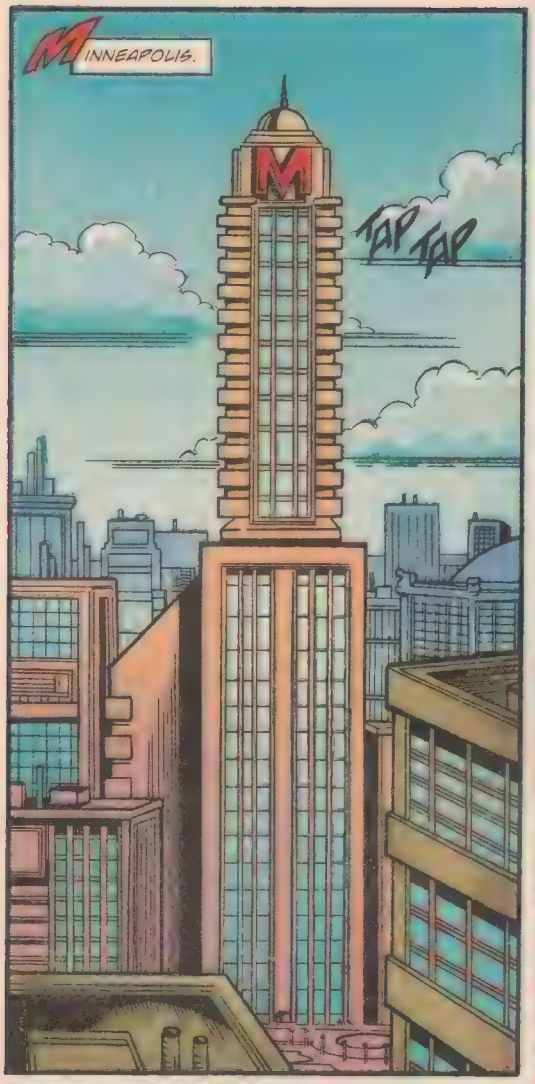
YO! JOE NAPPLESEED! JOHN CHAPMAN--OR WHATEVER THE HELL YOUR NAME IS!
JAPANESE BEETLES IN THE APPLE ORCHARD!
NOK NOK

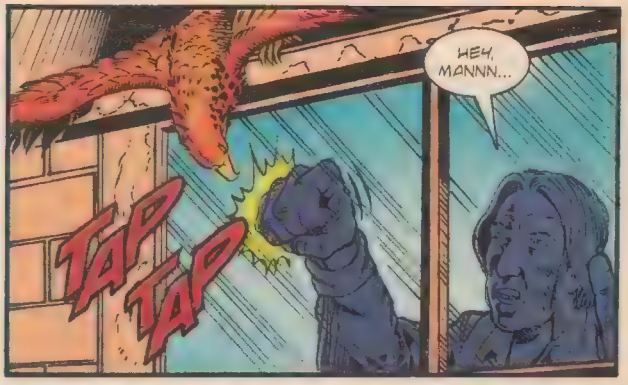

DUDES--
THANKS FOR THE HORSPITALITY.
I'VE HIT THE ROAD.
YOUR PAL,
JOE NAPPLESEED
P.S. I TOOK TWO POINT BEERS.

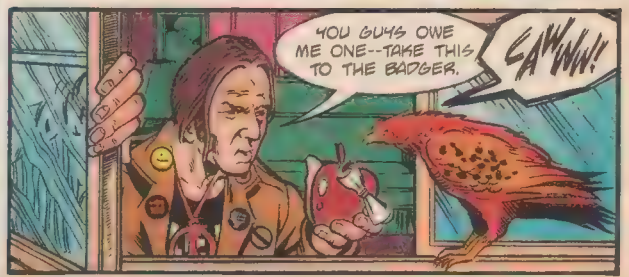

THE APPLE MAN IS GONE--ME FOR AN OSCAR MAYER WEINER AND THE HOT TUB.
HOT TUB, YES. WEINER, NO.


ABSCONDED YOU SAY? WELL ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE A PERIPATETIC SEED DISTRIBUTOR...WHERE'S MY NEWSPAPER?
COCK-A-DOODLE-DO!

HA HA! MATSUMOTO'S UP NINE POINTS!
HEY! YOU INVEST IN THE SLEAZY BASTARDS EVEN THOUGH THEY TRIED TO CUT DOWN OUR ORCHARD?
THE WALL STREET
INDEED, SIR. IN FACT, I'M PLANNING TO ATTEND THEIR GRAND OPENING IN MINNEAPOLIS IN THREE DAYS. I TRUST YOU'LL ACCOMPANY ME.

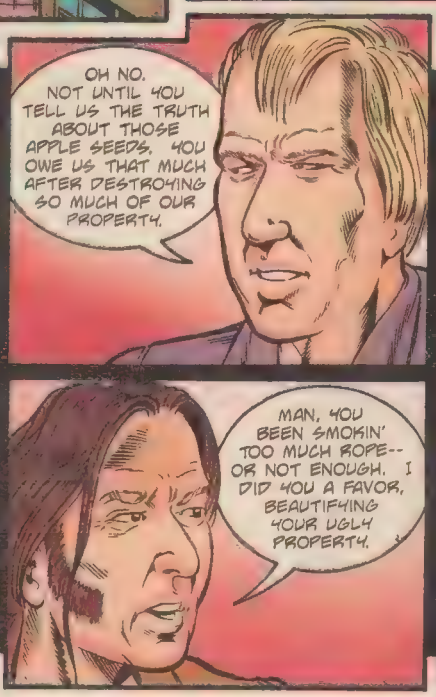

MINNEAPOLIS.
TAP TAP

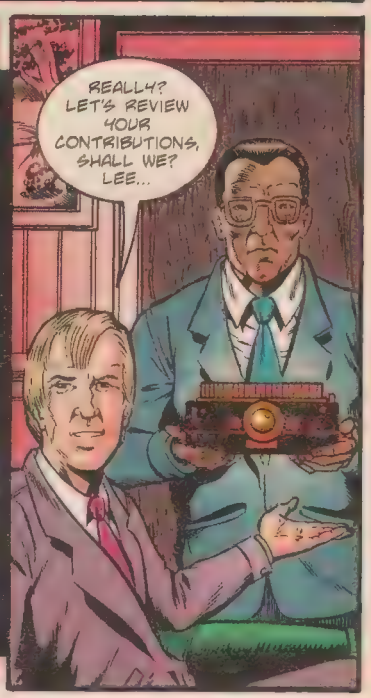

HEY, MANNN...
TAP TAP

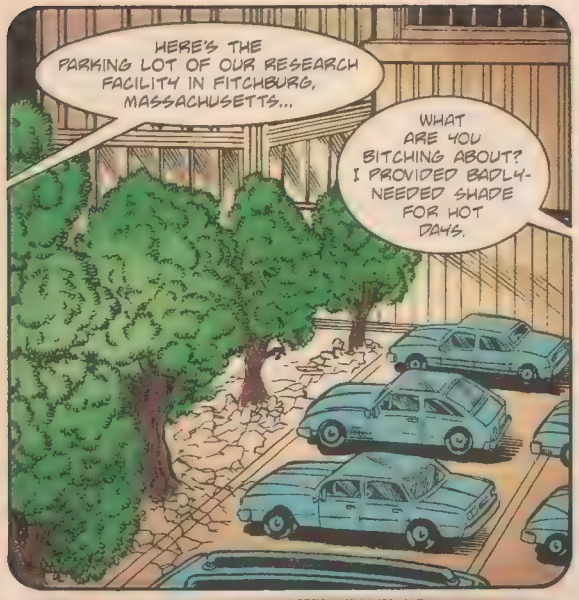

YOU GUYS OWE ME ONE--TAKE THIS TO THE BADGER.
CAWW!

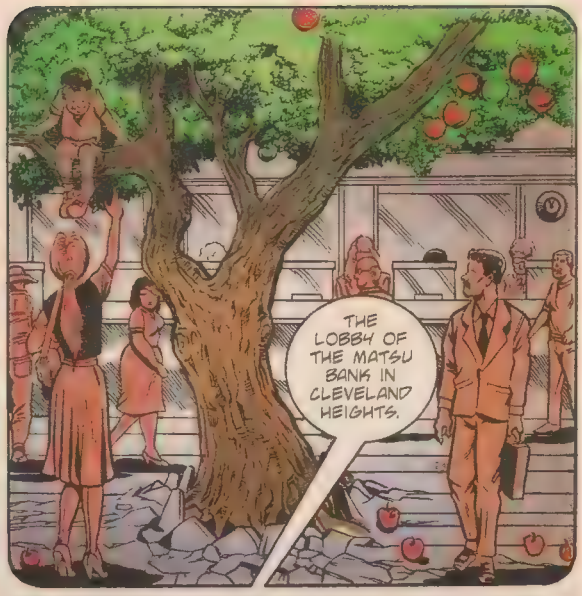
IT'S 50 FLOORS STRAIGHT DOWN, JOHNNY, IF YOU WANT TO TRY.
NO THANKS. I'M AN EARTHBOUND KIND OF GUY.

JOHN, JOHN... WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH YOU?
WHY DON'TCHA LET ME GO, MAN? KIDNAPPING'S A FEDERAL OFFENSE.

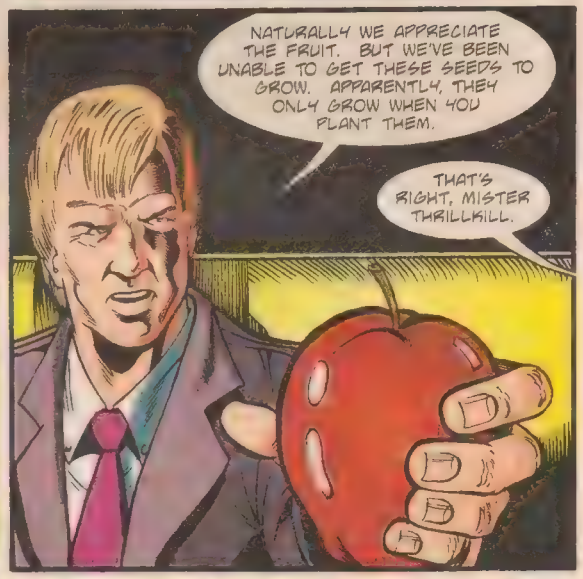

OH NO. NOT UNTIL YOU TELL US THE TRUTH ABOUT THOSE APPLE SEEDS. YOU OWE US THAT MUCH AFTER DESTROYING SO MUCH OF OUR PROPERTY.
MAN, YOU BEEN SMOKIN' TOO MUCH ROPE--OR NOT ENOUGH. I DID YOU A FAVOR, BEAUTIFYING YOUR UGLY PROPERTY.


REALLY? LET'S REVIEW YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS, SHALL WE? LEE...


HERE'S THE PARKING LOT OF OUR RESEARCH FACILITY IN FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS...
WHAT ARE YOU BITCHING ABOUT? I PROVIDED BADLY-NEEDED SHADE FOR HOT DAYS.


THE LOBBY OF THE MATSU BANK IN CLEVELAND HEIGHTS.

THIS USED TO BE THE SIGN OUTSIDE OUR SALES OFFICE IN SUBURBAN CHICAGO...
I THINK IT LOOKS MUCH BETTER NOW, DON'T YOU?

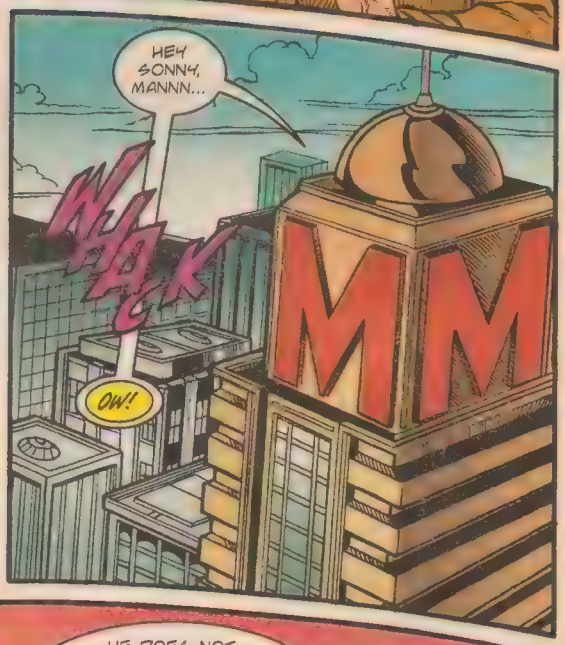

NATURALLY WE APPRECIATE THE FRUIT. BUT WE'VE BEEN UNABLE TO GET THESE SEEDS TO GROW. APPARENTLY, THEY ONLY GROW WHEN YOU PLANT THEM.
THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER THRILLKILL.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF. IT'S JUST THIS LITTLE PIXIE KEEPS WHISPERIN' IN MY EAR, "JOHNNY--THERE'S ANOTHER MATSUMOTO PROPERTY NEEDS BEAUTIFIN', JUST DOWN THE ROAD..." AND I GOTS TO GO.
JOHNNY, I'M AFRAID THAT'S UNACCEPTABLE. YOU'RE NOT TELLING US THE TRUTH...

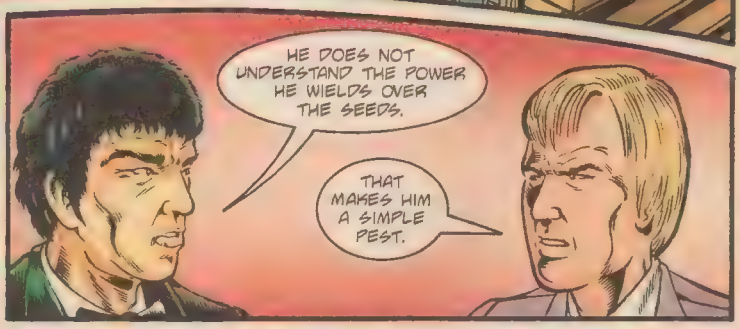
LEE, WOULD YOU ASK SONNY TO COME IN PLEASE?
RIGHT AWAY, MORTON.

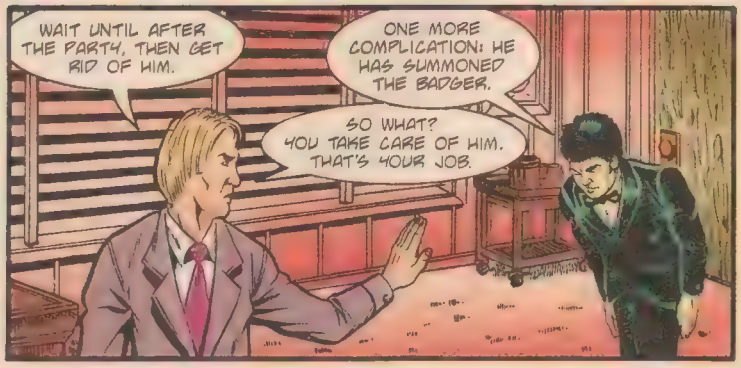
MISTER THRILLKILL?
SONNY, THAT MOMENT WE'VE DISCUSSED HAS FINALLY ARRIVED. IT'S UP TO YOU TO PERSUADE MISTER CHAPMAN TO TELL US THE SECRET OF THE SEEDS.
HEY, MANNN...YOU CAN BREAK MY BONES, I STILL DON'T KNOW ANY SECRET...I JUST PLANT 'EM AS I SEE 'EM.

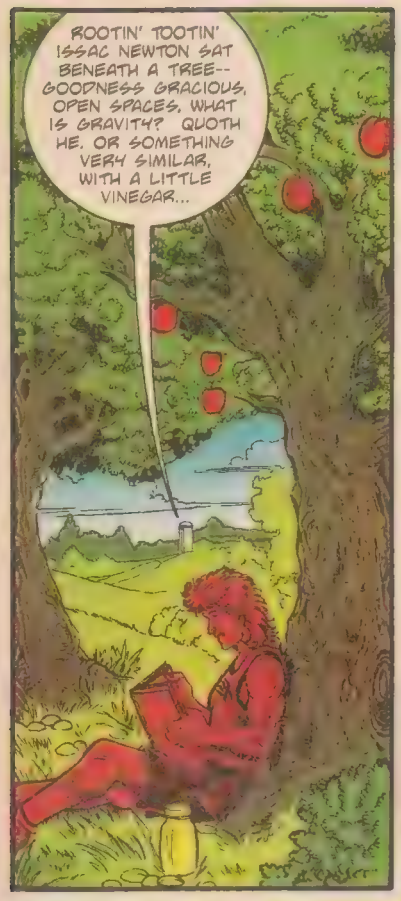
ADIEU, GENTLEMEN. I'LL BE DOWNSTAIRS PREPARING FOR OUR GALA OPENING CELEBRATION.


HEY SONNY, MANNN...
WHAK
OW!
MM

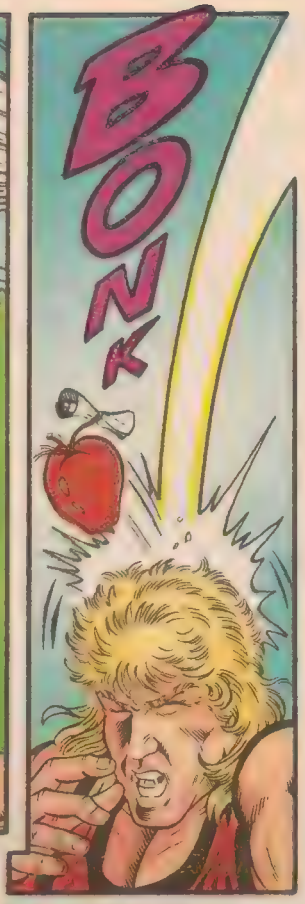
MANY EXCRUCIATING MOMENTS LATER.
MAKE SURE YOU CALL THE CATERERS. WELL, SONNY? ANY LUCK?

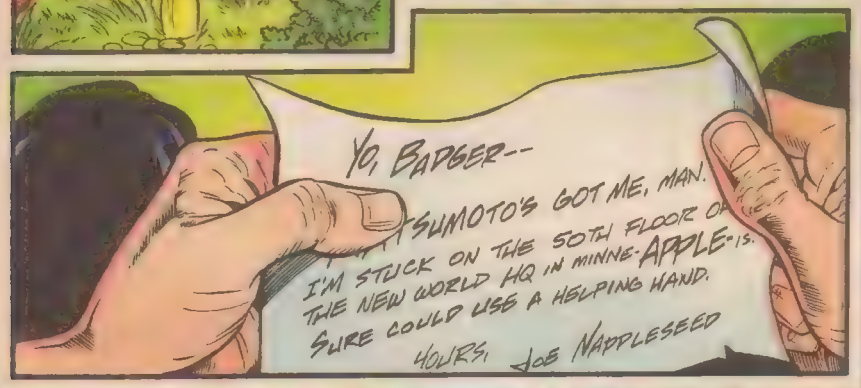

HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THE POWER HE WIELDS OVER THE SEEDS.
THAT MAKES HIM A SIMPLE PEST.


WAIT UNTIL AFTER THE PARTY, THEN GET RID OF HIM.
ONE MORE COMPLICATION: HE HAS SUMMONED THE BADGER.
SO WHAT? YOU TAKE CARE OF HIM. THAT'S YOUR JOB.


ROOTIN' TOOTIN' ISSAC NEWTON SAT BENEATH A TREE-- GOODNESS GRACIOUS, OPEN SPACES, WHAT IS GRAVITY? QUOTH HE. OR SOMETHING VERY SIMILAR, WITH A LITTLE VINEGAR...

BE THAT AS IT MAY, LET'S MAKE SOME HISTORY. PUMP UP THE JAM, PUMP IT...


BONK


YO, BADGER--
TSUMOTO'S GOT ME, MAN.
I'M STUCK ON THE 50TH FLOOR OF THE NEW WORLD HQ IN MINNE-APPLE-IS.
SURE COULD USE A HELPING HAND.
YOURS, JOE NAPPLESEED

TIME TO INVADE THE THE GOLDEN GOPHER'S DOMAIN...
...(MUNCH CHOMP)...
...THESE ARE DELICIOUS APPLES.

HAM! TO ARMS! TO ARMS! WE'VE GOTTA SPRING THE APPLE MAN!

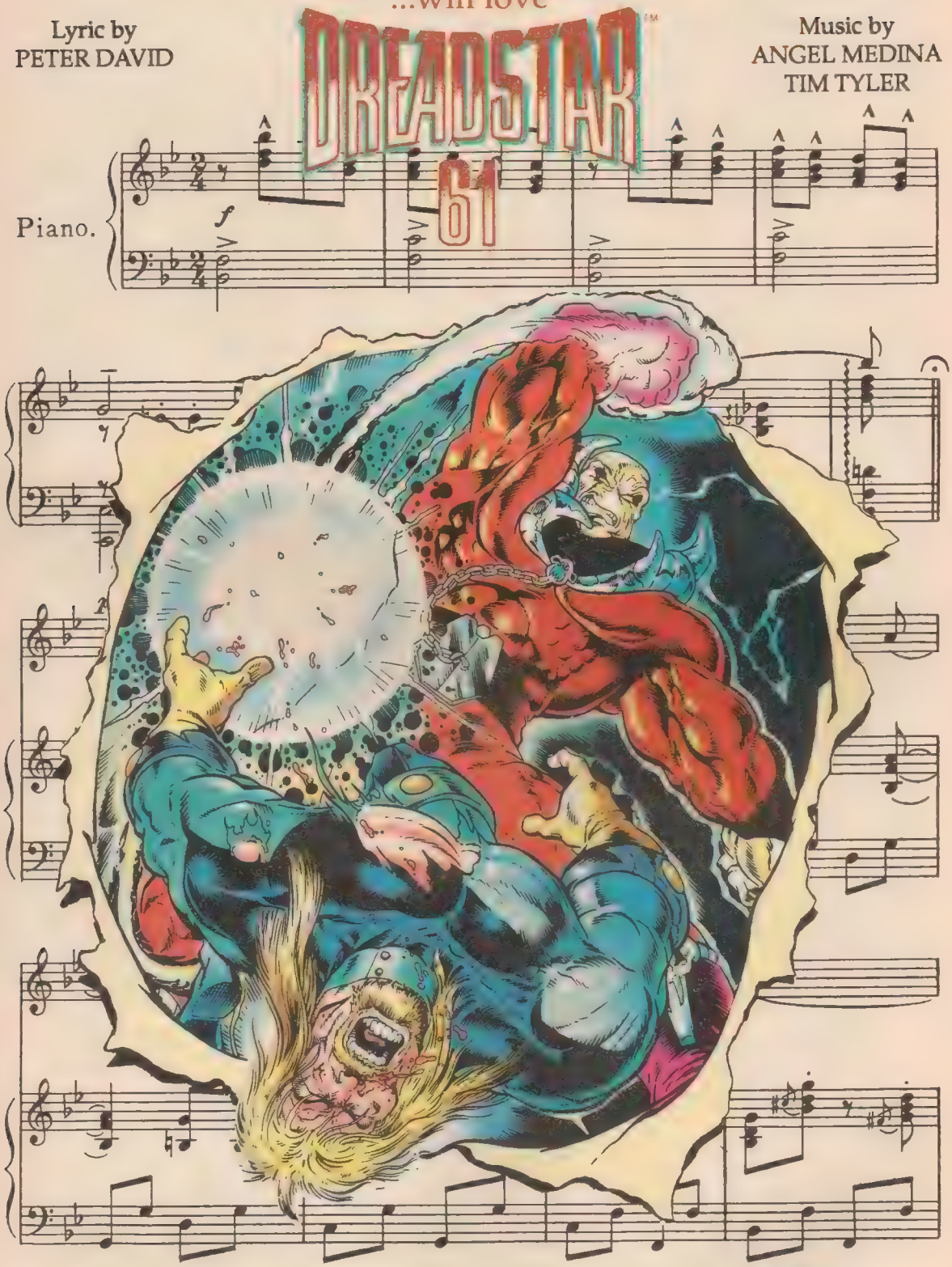
NEXUS VS NEXUS
MIKE BARON
HUGH HAYNES
ANNE STAHN
THE BOUT OF THE MILLENIUM!
NEXUS #75 ON SALE NOW FROM FIRST
©1990 FIRST PUBLISHING, INC.

People... People who hate Papal...

...will love

Lyric by
PETER DAVID

Music by
ANGEL MEDINA
TIM TYLER



The villain reviled by billions returns in August.

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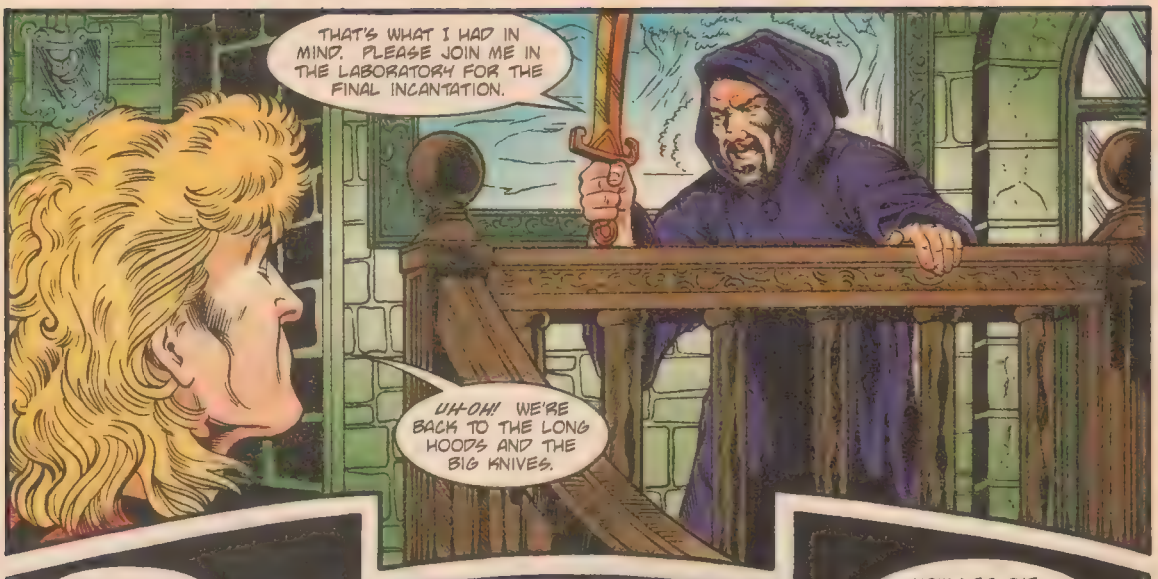

THAT'S WHAT I HAD IN MIND. PLEASE JOIN ME IN THE LABORATORY FOR THE FINAL INCANTATION.
UH-OH! WE'RE BACK TO THE LONG HOODS AND THE BIG KNIVES.

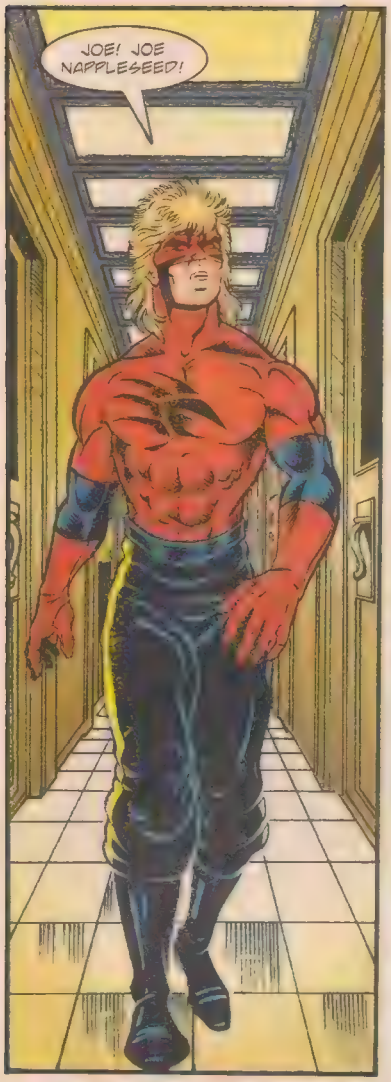
BEHOLD THE WOTAN CORE...
IT LOOKS WOTTEN.
SILENCE, KNAVE! THE WOTAN CORE IS OVER ONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD... IT FELL FROM THE WOTAN TREE...

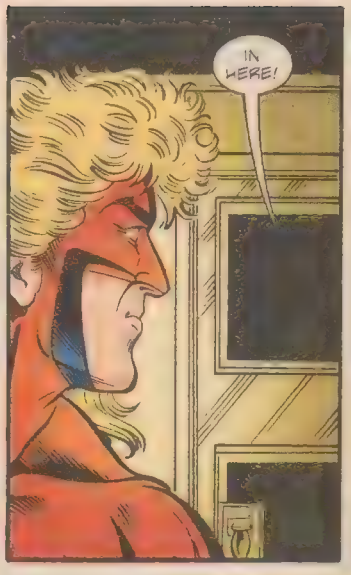
WE DRUIDS KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT PLANTING. I FORESWORE USE OF BLOODY WISDOM, BUT NOT OF THIS ANCIENT SEED...
ONCE IN EACH CENTURY WILL THE WOTAN SEED TAKE ROOT.

NOW LET THE SACRED SEED BE FREED, THE SOIL BARED, THE SACRIFICE BLEED!

A SINGLE DROP OF SORCERER'S BLOOD WILL SPEED IT ON ITS WAY--
BADGER, BRING THE BENTLEY ROUND. LET'S LEAVE WITHOUT DELAY.

MATSUMOTO™
WELCOME TO OUR GRAND OPENING, MISTER THORNDYKE. THE BAND IS PLAYING ON THE ESPLANADE.
THENK YEW.
I AM WEARING A CUMMERBUND.
I'M DITCHING THE CUMMERBUND.
THORNDYKE! I'VE BEEN MEANING TO CONTACT YOU RE: THE NEW SPRING GREEN RESORT.
DONALD...WHAT ABOUT IT? BUNCHA KRAUTS WANT TO BUILD A SKI RESORT IN WISCONSIN...
I WON'T TOUCH IT. I DON'T LIKE TOURISM, AND SPRING GREEN ISN'T ST. MORITZ. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
CADGING A FREE MEAL. WELL LISTEN! WE'RE BOTH HERE, WE MAY AS WELL DO SOME KIND OF DEAL...WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR THAT WATCH?
MISTER THORNDYKE! SO GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT.
HELLO, THRILLKILL. YOU KNOW CRUMP.
HELLO, MISTER CRUMP.
HAVE YOU CONSIDERED OUR OFFER, MISTER THORNDYKE?
MY FARM'S NOT FOR SALE.
WANT TO BUY A HOTEL/CASINO COMPLEX?


JOE! JOE NAPPLESEED!


IN HERE!

LET'S SEE... THIS CALLS FOR A HOTCHKISS MODEL B-7 WITH A HASTER SPUR AND A MID-BRICKLE...
...OR SHOULD THAT BE A BACK-BRICKLE?

TO HELL WITH IT! I'LL USE A FULL FRONT-BRICKLE!
BOOM

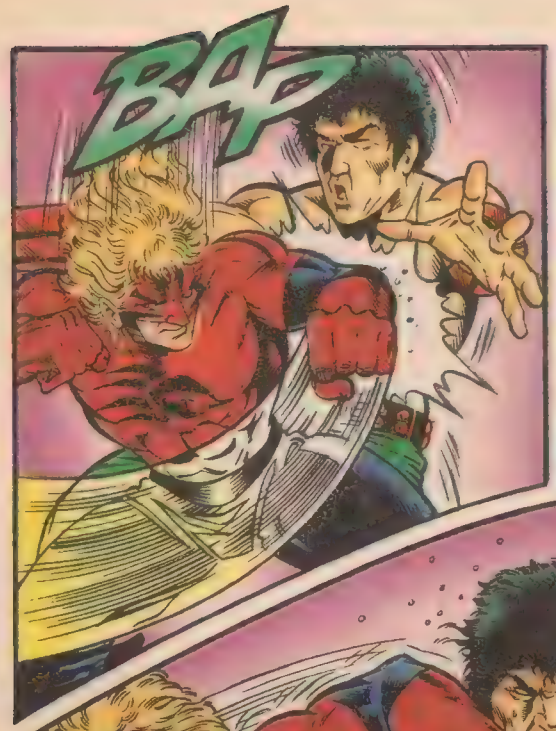
NAPPLEMAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
THEY HURT ME, BADGER. BUT I DIDN'T TELL THEM NOTHIN'...

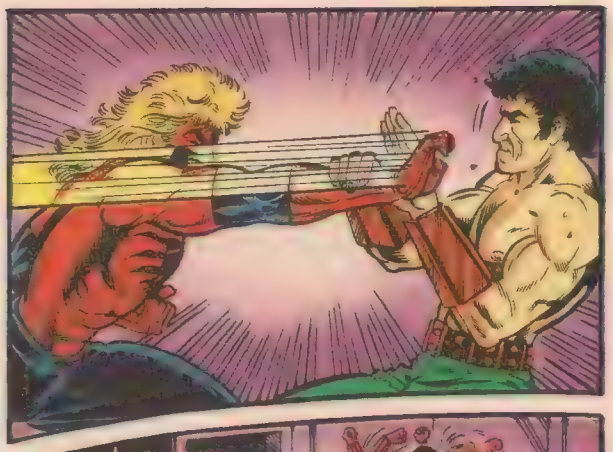
I DON'T KNOW HOW I DO IT, OR I *WOULD* HAVE TOLD THEM.

YOU LOOK OKAY TO ME.
THAT GUY SONNY...HE'S TOO GOOD TO LEAVE ANY MARKS. LOOK--THERE HE IS.

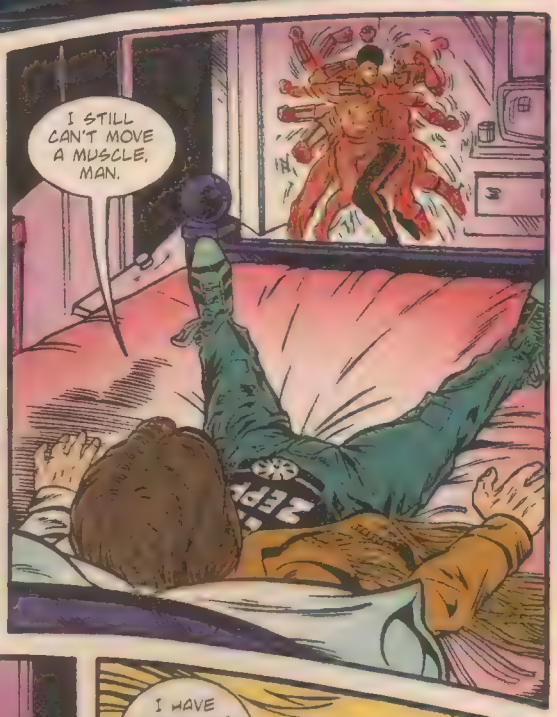
HA!!
BOP
BRAK
PEARL HARBOR WAS WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN--SOMETHING HAPPENED IN THE NIGHT.
THE BONGOS.

YOU KNOW THE BONGOS? YOU'RE MORE DANGEROUS THAN I'D IMAGINED.
I'VE STUDIED YOU. I'VE STUDIED THE BONGOS. I BRING GREETINGS FROM MAS SUZUKI RYU.
NO MORE WIRE HANGERS!
MOMMY DEAREST... UNGH!
DAMN!
BREAK


BAP



HEY, NAPPLESEED-- HOW YOU DOIN'?


I STILL CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE, MAN.

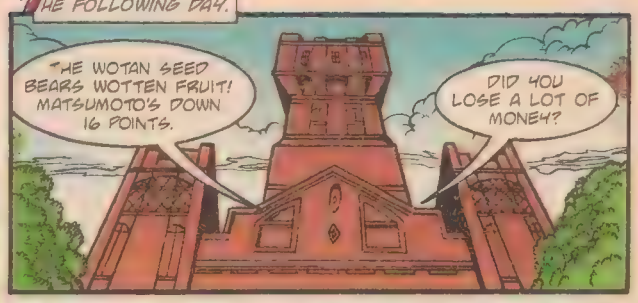
YOUR SKILLS ARE EXTRAORDINARY.
ENTER THE DRAGON!
POW
NO, I MEAN IT. GIVEN TIME, I'D BE FORCED TO KILL YOU...IN A FEW MINUTES, OTHER BODYGUARDS WILL JOIN ME.
YOUR OPTIONS ARE LIMITED.

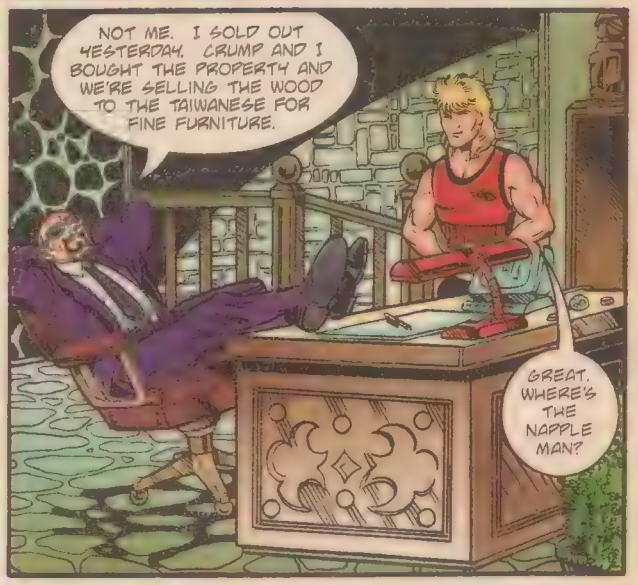
I HAVE ONLY ONE OPTION... THE WOTAN SEED.

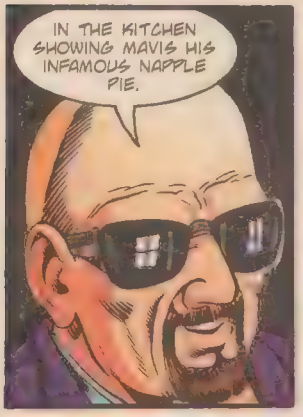
HELLO, THORNDYKE. HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR PUNCH?
LOOK! WHO IS THAT?
WHAT? WHERE? OH YOU MEAN TED DANSON! YES, HE'S A STOCKHOLDER...
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE PUNCHBOWL?
I SPICED IT UP A LITTLE. EXCUSE ME...
ORRRR

SHREEK!!
SEE YOU LATER, SONNY.
YOU CAN COUNT ON IT!

HOW DO YOU FEEL?
GREAT! I JUST ATE AN APPLE.


THE FOLLOWING DAY.
THE WOTAN SEED BEARS WOTTEN FRUIT! MATSUMOTO'S DOWN 16 POINTS.
DID YOU LOSE A LOT OF MONEY?


NOT ME. I SOLD OUT YESTERDAY. CRUMP AND I BOUGHT THE PROPERTY AND WE'RE SELLING THE WOOD TO THE TAIWANESE FOR FINE FURNITURE.
GREAT. WHERE'S THE NAPPLE MAN?

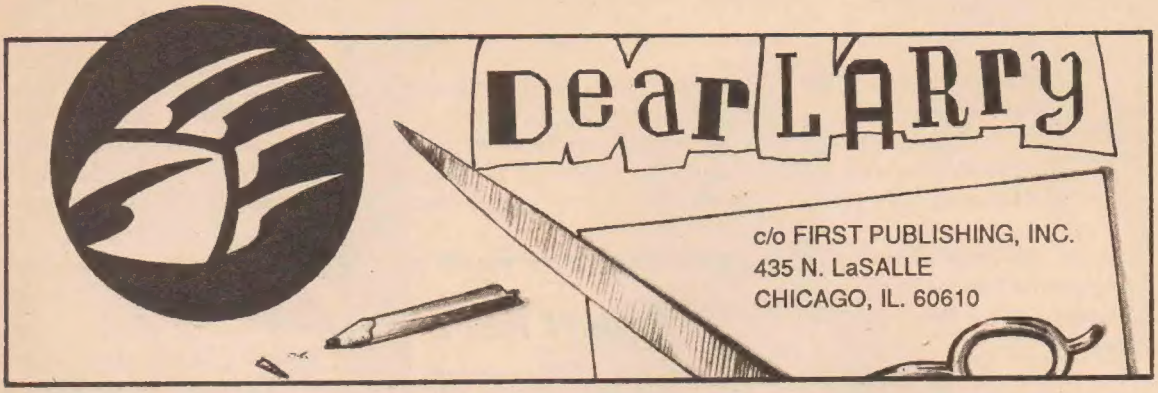

IN THE KITCHEN SHOWING MAVIS HIS INFAMOUS NAPPLE PIE.

THERE YOU GO--ALMOST COOL ENOUGH TO EAT.
MAY I HAVE IT PLEASE?

HEY! WHERE YOU GOING WITH THAT PIE?
I AM TEACHING HUSBAND HOW TO BE ROMANTIC...

HEY MAVIS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT--
SPLAT
COME BACK HERE!

end



Dear Buckies,

Steven Butler's cover for ***Badger*** #64 was so good that I regretted its liberty with the actual events of "Quint." If anyone should have been on that pony (horse is actually pony), it should have been Mavis Davis Sykes, M.D., not her honorable haystack head of a husband. But the book is called ***Badger***, so I'll let that pass.

In "Dear Larry," Edmund Valdez brought up the gaps in Mavis' life, and Bob Garcia expressed a hope that Mike Baron would get to them in the next year. "Quint" certainly whetted my appetite for that. Mavis can be kind (toward the five-legged pony), she can be critical (her definition of democracy), she can be insulting (loyal cat can't help being stupid) and she can be tough while respecting a deal (ask Siegfried). ***Badger*** # 64 was the equivalent of those long-ago ***Nexus*** issues in which Judah the Hammer took center stage and left us wondering, "Who is this Nexus fellow?" I'd request more Mavis if I didn't fear that that might reduce the already diminished roles of "Devoted Psychologist" and "Deranged Druid" to nil. Ham could currently make Donald Trump sweat at more than mah-jongg, so where's the fun in that? Now, if Daisy could challenge Janet Malcolm to a bout of mud-wrestling, that would be worthwhile! New stars like Mavis and Wendell Moody are fine, but don't neglect Badger's first friends.

It was a lucky day for First when Steven Butler was left outside your door. I trust ***Badger Bedlam*** will not suffer the same delays as ***The Nexus Files*** because it sounds wonderful. Besides, if it is late, Pierre will be very, very angry.

Charles J. Sperling
37-15 Parsons Boulevard
Flushing, NY 11354

*We **did** have a cover prepared with Mavis and Quint hell-bent for leather but Pierre threw a fit when he was told that he wasn't featured this issue. So we compromised and made it a Badger cover instead.*

▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼

Dear Larry,

First of all, let me say how honored I am to have a letter published in ***Badger!*** Yow!

I liked issue 64 a lot; Mavis is a very intriguing character, so let's see more of her...and about her.

Now it's time to add my two cents to the **Badger/Wolverine/X-men** crossover. The mutants have a lot of readers and if they discover what a great comic ***Badger*** is, I'm sure it wouldn't do any harm! Can you picture Psylocke (X-men's telepath) trying to read poor Norbert's tormented minds? This could lead to some new insights into good old Badger's behavior, as well as a good way to introduce ***Badger*** to a new audience.

Since Badger is a Viet Nam veteran, what does he think of the Rambo movies, and what are the chances of his meeting up with a Rambo-type character?

Randy Vandenheuvel
224 West Elm St. Apt. 2
Oneida, NY 13421

▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼▼

Dear Bob,

I'm glad that you explained Mavis' recent decline in her use of English; that makes her speech this issue seem more reasonable upon rereading. Her intelligence and wit shows in the use of such words as "curmudgeonly." She also uses her "broken" English to turn back the wording of less intelligent people such as the side-show man with the phrase "heap big money."

Though this spotlight on Mavis showed that she is as caring about animals as Badger, I really hope that the next spotlight

will answer the plot threads left over from ***Hexbreaker.***

Melissa Page
236 New Salem Loop
Nortonville, Ky 42442

*Some of these threads are being woven into the crazy-quilt of **Badger** #69," When Badger Howls."*

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Salutations!

A new cover logo in the upper corner, a new inside cover and a new lettercol heading! Not to mention the new price (which doesn't bother me all that much since First has earned my loyalty well beyond another thirty cents...but don't get any funny ideas). But we still have the same ole Badge'...or do we? According to the inside cover, Norbert has "a personality problem: it's split seven ways." Whooaa, wait a minute...ONLY SEVEN?? Is Norbert getting better? I can't even imagine what you'd write about if Norbert ever became one personality, don't go any fewer than seven. Who's left out of all his former personalities?

Referring to Mr. Valdez' letter, did anyone ever stop to consider that maybe Mavis' English isn't getting worse, that maybe she's purposely talking and acting thus. There are a number of reasons why she might be acting coy. In past situations, Mavis has shown an intelligence, a style and strength that belies her recent appearances.Why don't we ask Mike Baron?

Robert J. Spassov
P.O.Box 280
Bolivar, OH 44612-9614

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Dear Larry,

Hello, Sweethearts. I've been a ***Badger*** fan a long time, I *love* Mavis, want to see more of those two sexy hunks; the Wombat and superstud Ham...and I really miss Daisy.

In issue 64 my husband and I counted the following: a) 16 bun shots, all but two were female

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"Norbert has a personality problem: it's split seven ways." Whooaa...wait a minute...ONLY SEVEN???

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and 95 per cent were Mavis. b) 25 cleavage shots; again, all but two were female , the others being--well, I'm not quite sure what. Anyhow, most belonged to Mavis. c) A whopping 7 crotch shots (all Mavis).

Now, please don't think I'm some kind of prude! I just want equal time for all cheap shots. I want to see more *Badger* butt! And some Ham hocks, too! I also counted two grabby feelies and one lewd fondling! Now, what I want to know is, when was the last time Mike Baron had a date? The boy is showing some serious signs of strain. Although I'm sure Steven Butler (that man is a genius) is doing his best to cover for Mike's preoccupations.

Get a girlfriend, Mike. You're too good to let yourself get so distracted.

Forget the whiskey, Uncle Elvis...pass me a Point.

Mrs Alison Stewart
Address withheld

Mike's preocupations?** It seems that **someone's** (hint-hint) libido is interfering with the cool contemplation of comics as the superior intellectual entertainments we all know them to be. Who could be resposible for your discovering hidden touchies and feelies in innocent little patterns of ink on paper? Who could it be, I wonder? Hmmmm...could it be...**SATAN?

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Yo Larry,

Yesterday in one of my Social Studies classes we were watching a National Geographic special and thay showed a clip of a Badger fighting a Wolverine. The Badger killed it. Nuff said.

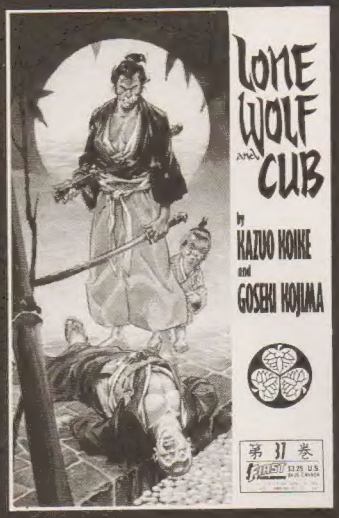
Scott Rennak
942 Roelofs Rd.
Yardley, PA 19067

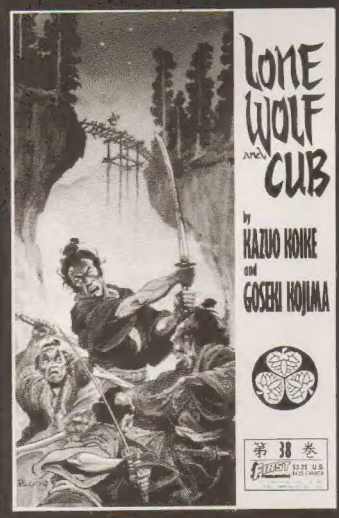
Amen, true believer!

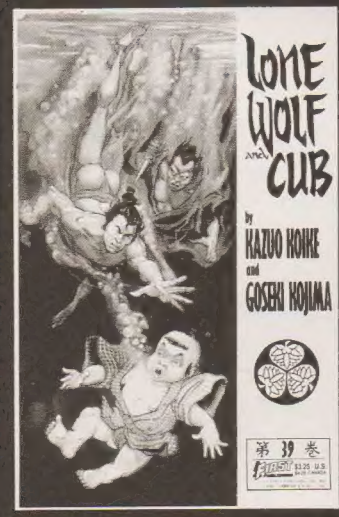
SPECIAL BULLETIN!!

Hi, boys and girls! You too, Uncle Elvis! I thought I would step out from behind the curtain to introduce myself. This is Alex Wald, former First Art Director, current Badger editor, and perrennial squeaky wheel. Next issue, we'll have time to get better acquainted, but now I only have time to draw the itty-bitty cover which you see below.

NEXT ISSUE: A brilliant but troubled TV comedian hires Badger to save him from himself in "Babysitter," brought to you by **Mike Baron, Steven Butler** and **Randy Clark.** But who's going to save *you* from me?







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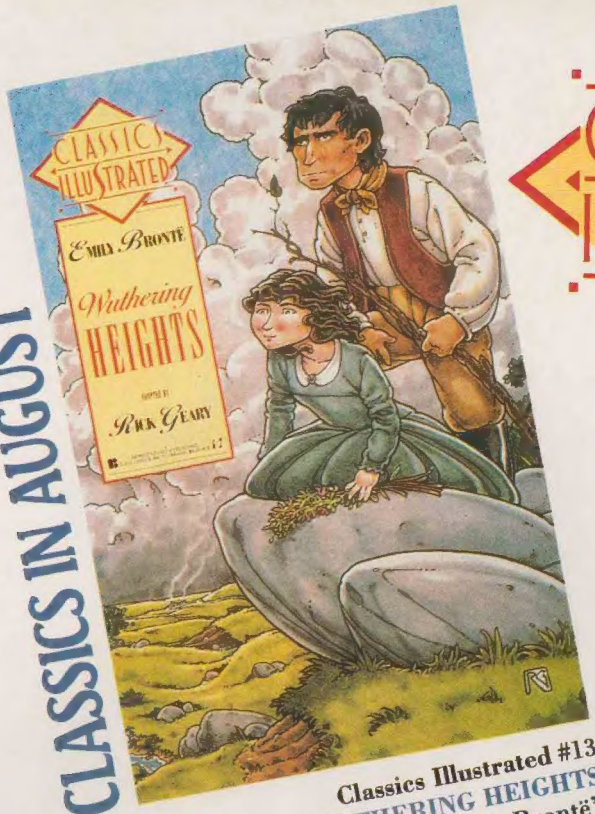

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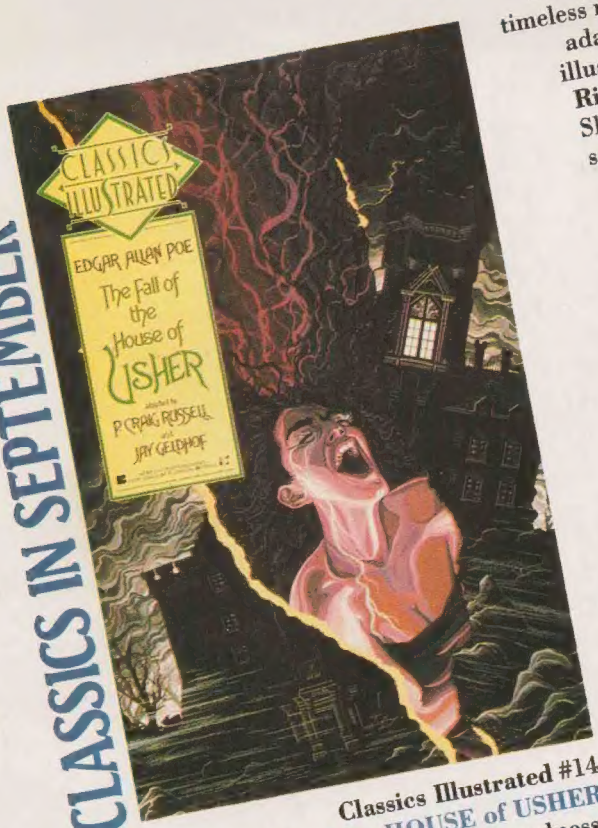

Classics Illustrated #14
THE FALL of the HOUSE of USHER
Edgar Allan Poe's tale of madness, adapted by **P. Craig Russell** and illustrated by **Jay Geldhof**. Shipping the second week in September. $3.75.

BACKLIST

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